

THE YOUTH'S REALM

A CLEAN PAPER IN THE HOME CIRCLE

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Written for THE YOUTH'S REALM.

SOME OF OUR ANCESTORS.

EN and Monkeys resemble each other in many respects. The former exhibit their animal instincts by holding prize fights and revelling in gore and plunder. The latter become docile and peaceable when removed from the influences of the wild forest and instructed in the domestic pursuits of civilized life. And certain it is, that of the two—the prize fighter and the educated ape—the latter would make the better citizen.

There are several huge species of the ape which resemble man in size, form and certain habits. Some scientists believe that man has developed from the gorilla, the orang outang, or some other species of larger monkey. And even the natives of Western Africa—the home of the gorilla—believe this animal to be



a savage type of man who refuses to talk to escape being driven into slavery by the negroes.

In 360 B. C. Hanno, the Carthaginian explorer, first mentions the large-sized ape. On one of his expeditions he tried in vain to capture a male beast, but the animals threw stones at him and he was obliged to retreat. Hanno believed them to be savage human inhabitants of Africa.

Du Chaillu was the first white man to speak of the gorilla from personal experience. In the wild forests of Africa this brave man encountered several full-grown animals who were



strong enough to break loose from the grasp of ten or a dozen men. In Du Chaillu's day there were no repeating rifles, and if the huntsman missed his first aim it meant almost certain death to him. The practice was to wait until the animal, advancing on his hind legs, came within fifteen odd feet of the hunter, and then to fire a shot into his breast. After that no opportunity was left for escape. In one instance the gorilla

seized the gun from the hands of Du Chaillu's guide, and with little exertion flattened the barrel until it became useless. He then killed the guide with a single blow of his huge paw.

Du Chaillu only succeeded in catching alive the younger animals, which he partially tamed before they died. One young ape turned out to be a wily thief, giving his master no end of trouble. Fearing a severe punishment if caught in the act he chose the early hours of the morning for making his raids. But beforehand he would creep softly up to the bedside to convince himself that his master was fast asleep.

When properly tamed monkeys become useful servants. In their native forest they can be taught to gather cocoanuts from the tree, select ripe fruit from unripe, and carry the former to the ship; and in the home they are useful in watching the pot boil and putting the soiled clothes to soak. Judging from the appearance of much of our laundry work it is possible to imagine them serving an apprenticeship in somebody's steam laundry. But aside from joking the monkey is so close an imitator of man's actions that he has made himself useful to his master in more ways than one.

Perhaps the most highly educated ape known to the world is Joe, a large orang outang, who is now making a tour through America, after which he will visit England. He bears the title of "the educated wild man of Borneo," but it was the task of a quarter of a century to accustom this ape to the habits of man. As represented in the upper, right-hand engraving, Joe appears daily in full dress. He is fond of smoking, (an accomplishment for which he

must thank his descendants) and is very friendly with a suspicious looking black bottle which, however, may contain nothing stronger than cold water. Sitting in a chair with one leg resting upon the other, he assumes the attitude of an old man indulging in a quiet smoke after a hard day's work.

But Joe is a still closer imitator of his near relative—man. This is apparent when he seats himself at a table provided with pen, ink, and paper, and proceeds to write a letter to his folks at home. Certainly he has not spent his time foolishly at school, college, or wherever educated, devoting too much

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time to athletics or the club, when he can display his literary tendencies in the presence of a hundred or more spectators, who would likely rattle the head of an older scholar than Joe. But our monkey friend is somewhat of an athlete besides. Mounted on a bicycle he is ready to try a race with any scorcher who may come along. He enjoys this kind of amusement quite as much as his descendants, and can turn as graceful a curve as anybody who calls himself a crack rider.

Joe also figures as a musician, but his tunes are of his own composing and sound very strange to us.

The happiest moments in Joe's life, however, are spent at the dinner table. He has learned to handle a napkin while eating, but insists upon using his hind feet, as an extra pair of hands, when he is very hungry and the food tempting. There are other remarkable points about Joe's life which I have not time to rehearse; but a monkey who can dress himself, feed himself with a spoon, ride a bicycle, and write a letter, is surely worth talking about to some length.

Now when people get to conversing on the monkey question they sooner or later find themselves discussing a more serious one which has been given the name of evolution. More serious, I say, because evolution attempts to explain the creation of man by assuming that the first man was a highly-educated monkey, that the first monkey was related to some lower class of animal, which had previously sprung from a still lower class, and so on, almost indefinitely. In other words we are told that the lowest form of life gradually began to develop until it produced an animal with a complete organism, which finally evolved into a man.

The course of reasoning which leads up to this conclusion may be called logical. Evolution is not confined to any one department of science. Its truth was first established in connection with the laws of the inorganic world. Geology teaches us that the earth has reached its present condition through a process of evolution. Then why should not the same law hold good in the organic realm—the world of life? So far as we know, it does. Varieties and races can be made artificially, as exhibited in our domestic animals and plants. Natural species, in many instances, are observed to pass into one another by intermediate links. What is true in certain cases which have been brought to our attention is quite likely to be true in all. And hence many scientists have assumed that the law of evolution is universal, accounting not only for the present form of our earth, and the plants and lower animals upon it, but for the origin of the human race.

But although this conclusion seems reasonable, it is as yet but an hypothesis requiring further demonstration. While in bodily appearance, especially in the skeleton, the ape resembles man, it would be absurd to compare the mental faculties of the two. The ape is only a beast, after all, and like other beasts has almost no reasoning power. Joe can write a letter, but it is nothing

but a daub of ink, such as a child ignorant of the alphabet would make. The power of imitation is strikingly exhibited in Joe but, as in all animals, human intelligence is wanting.

Although Joe can ride a wheel, dressed in citizen's clothes, he is a nearer approach to an elephant, a whale, a bird, or an insect, than to a human being; and he who would find an analogy to man in the general characteristics of the ape, would rob the human soul of the highest attributes which God has bestowed upon it.

Written for The Youth's Realm.

Our Wolf-Skin Blankets.

Wolves killed by a new method. A story based on the true experience of two hunters and a clever guide.



ARLY one morning we arose from our cots, shivering in every limb. The cold weather had come suddenly upon us before we were prepared to meet it. Our camp made no pretensions of being wind proof, though it protected us from the rain. This is all one can expect of a rough cabin built in the Rocky Mountains where the wind is free to take whatever liberties it may. This time it had blown us up a blizzard, suggesting that if we were to defy the weather longer we must first of all provide ourselves with heavy blankets.

But how were we to obtain blankets in a wild country miles away from the nearest settlement? We were fortunate. Our guide knew very well where there was a supply large enough to cover a regiment of soldiers, to say nothing of three solitary hunters. We therefore placed our confidence in the guide who henceforth agreed to furnish us raiment, food and shelter, or all three necessities of earthly existence at the same time, and without any forethought on our part.

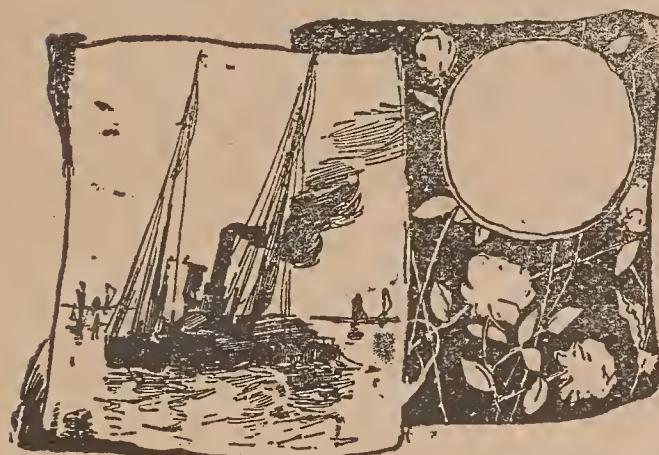
Leaving my partner behind to watch the camp, I accompanied the guide, who started off, directly after an early breakfast, in search of the promised "blankets." Our destination lay three or four miles before us, and the intense cold made the journey disagreeable, if not perilous. At times we were in danger of freezing, and obliged to stop and rub each other's nose to keep up the circulation in that sensitive organ. But we finally came to a small hut, in worse shape than our own, which we were nevertheless glad to crawl into, and in five minutes had our fire kindled.

We brought with us enough provisions for that day and the next morning, for my guide had planned to spend the night here. He had devised a novel means of killing a great many wolves, in order to get the skins for our blankets; but he chose the night time for his carnage. His plan was to set a trap so tempting to the animals, but so effective in its operation, that in a single night we might obtain skins enough to last a lifetime. This is how he did it: Taking a vial of strychnine from

Concluded on page eleven.

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MODERN LIGHT-HOUSEES AND BUOYS.



CEAN travel along the coast would be impossible at all seasons and hours were it not for the wonderful system of lights and buoys erected by the maritime nations of the world to warn the sailor of dangerous rocks which lay hidden beneath the tide or concealed under cover of the night. When we compare the modern system with the ancient beacon placed at some distance upon the shore, with its feeble light incapable of penetrating the fog or resisting the severest kinds of weather, we can understand why it is that loss of life at sea has been greatly lessened during the past century, and that long sea voyages are now made in a few days or hours.

Almost every material that affords light has been used, at some time or other, to warn mariners of the dangers of the sea. In 1673 we read that pitch and ocum were burned in the beacon at Point Allerton, Mass. The smoke that rose from these combustible materials must have been sufficient to obscure the light, when the wind was in the wrong direction; and the expense of maintaining a beacon of this description could not have been trifling. Tallow candles were next substituted for what might be called the pine knot, and after these the spider lamp and fish oil. It was in 1812 that the United States first used sperm oil in all

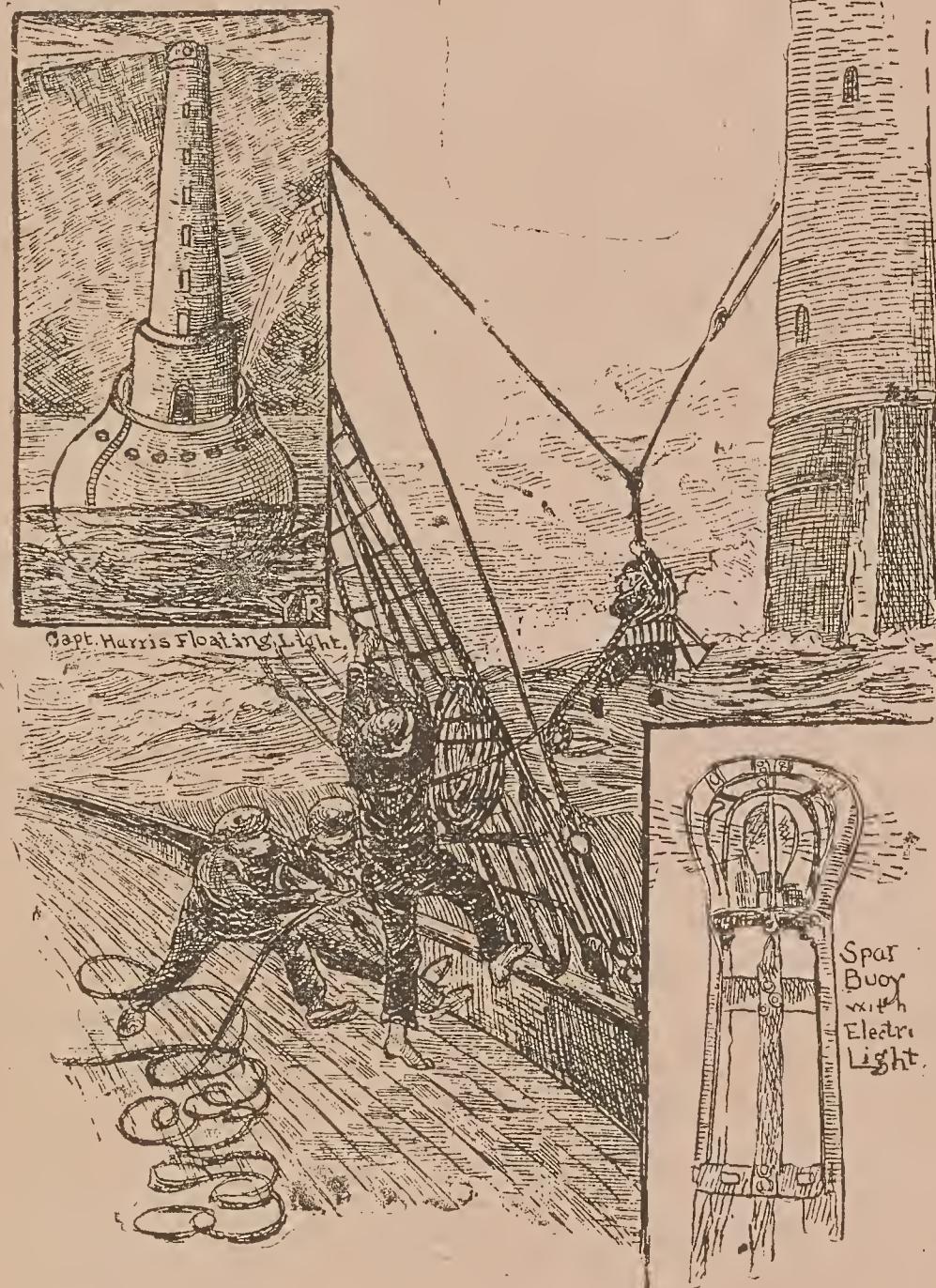
government lights; and this introduction helped to develop that remarkable industry which has made New Bedford, Mass., so famous. But the Light House Board, after it had introduced the oil, was not satisfied on account of its expense, and established a commission to experiment on seal, shark, whale, colza, olive, lard and mineral oils, with the hope of discovering a light both cheap and serviceable.

The commission recommended the use of colza, an oil extracted from the seed of several plants, especially the wild cabbage. Special machinery was built for the manufacture of this new oil and for a number of years another industry was sup-

ported by the government. In 1861 it was found that colza could be manufactured to sell for \$1.00 per gallon, while whale oil brought \$1.62 $\frac{1}{2}$. But the cost was still too great, and the next innovation was that of lard oil which could be bought as low as fifty cents per gallon.

When lard oil took a rise in value petroleum was suggested as a substitute. The explosive quality of the latter, however, was an argument in its disfavor. A lighthouse keeper on Lake Michigan, who had used petroleum on his own responsibility was burned by the explosion of a lamp while attempting to extinguish the flame. But after some experimenting a safety lamp was invented which made it possible to burn mineral oil in all the lights then in use; and from that day until this petroleum has been used almost exclusively.

Before describing some of the later inventions which make use of gas and electricity a few words should be written about the lantern itself. The intensity of the light at first depended much upon a concave metallic reflector placed behind the



flame. In 1852 this was replaced by the Fresnel lenticulator apparatus, a device which saves oil while affording a better light. Around the flame is placed, in a circle, lenses of various shapes which collect the scattered rays of light and send them forth in one straight line across the sea. Or, in other words, the rays are bent (refracted) by passing through the lenses, so that all become parallel. Lenses are sometimes made to revolve by clockwork. In this case the parallel rays are thrown out at fixed intervals, and the device is called a flashing light. The number of flashes in a given time, which varies in different lights, enables the pilot to see what light he is approaching and hence locate his position upon the chart. Red glass is also used in certain lights to distinguish one light from another. As an illustration of the size and expense of the best light-house apparatus the lantern in Minots Ledge light, near Cohasset, Mass., cost \$10,000 and is large enough to hold six people. Were it not for the curvature of the earth's surface, such lights as the latter could be seen at a distance of 60 to 100 miles, and hence are plainly visible to the horizon.

On the passage from England to Spain one encounters no less than forty-eight lights between the Isle of Four and Audierne, which makes the journey more safe at night than at day. Were it not for these guiding stars in the night the coast of France would be strewn with wrecks, for the sea, at certain points, is very rough. Ar-Men light

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was completed after twenty-three years of study and effort, and now stands ninety-seven feet above high water, a monument of unremitting labor. It is impossible to approach the light nearer than the one shown in the illustration, and communication with the keepers is only effected by means of the "go-between," a kind of suspended chair, raised on a tackle. The party who rides on the go-between seldom completes his journey without a ducking. But Eddystone and Minots lights are probably the best examples of engineering skill, and both have been built on the wrecks of former houses which were not strong enough to withstand the awful force of a raging sea.

On account of the difficulty of reaching certain lights in heavy weather, there is a class of lights, shown on the heads of long piers built out into lakes and sounds, called eight-day burners. The oil is fed into the lamp automatically, just enough flowing in to keep the burner supplied. The government requires that they shall be visited every pleasant day, but this is not necessary.

Lights within reach of large cities are sometimes supplied with gas through pipes leading from the shore. There is always danger of a leakage, in this case, and the light suddenly becoming extinguished. On the coast of North Carolina ten lights are furnished with compressed gas which is shipped to them in tanks placed upon skows. Each tank will burn for ten days. On the shore are the gas works exclusively for these several lights. A machine has also been placed inside a light to make gas enough from gasoline to burn ninety days without attention.

As yet the electric light is generally considered inferior to oil for light-house purposes. One of the smaller cuts represents an electric lighted buoy in the harbor of New York. The current is generated on shore and conducted to the buoy through wires sunk deep below the surface of the sea.

Bell buoys, whistling buoys and illuminated buoys will next be described and illustrated, this forming an independent subject of its own.

(Continued in June number.)

OUT- DOOR AMUSE- MENTS.



THE 3d day of this month Yale played her initial base ball game of the season with the John Hopkins men. The former nine made twenty-seven runs while her opponent had no chance whatever to score. The same day Princeton beat the Union College 46 to 1, another victory for a popular college.

THE base ball season, despite the weather, commenced on good time this month, and with fair weather ahead will last long enough to give every nine a chance to win.

IN the 54th annual boat race between the two English universities Oxford and Cambridge, which took place on the 3d of this month, Oxford won by two lengths. The race was rowed over the usual course, from Putney to Mort Lake, a distance of four and one quarter miles. Time, 19 minutes, 12 seconds. It happened that an American was in each crew.

MR. LEHMANN is again with the Harvard crew. After making several changes he has arrived at a final choice for the order of the eight. Mr. Lehmann has undertaken the task of coaching the Harvard crew in a most business-like manner, and everybody is glad that he should have made something like a final selection so early in the season.

GLADSTONE, notwithstanding his advanced age has lately learned to ride a bicycle.

SCIENCE & INVENTION.

A MACHINE which engraves on glass one-hundred thousand lines to an inch has been invented by Prof. H. A. Rowland of John Hopkin's University. The lines are so close together that the naked eye cannot separate them. There are only some 250 pages in a book one inch thick, which shows how infinitesimal must be the lines produced by this machine. It is used for making slides for a scientific instrument called the spectroscope.

HERR ARTHUR STENTZEL of Altona, Germany, has produced a flying machine resembling a large eagle, which can remain in the air for several minutes without falling to the ground. It is propelled by a motor run by compressed carbonic acid gas.

To aid book-keepers an adding machine, consisting of several dials ingeniously arranged on the end of a lead pencil, has recently been added to the endless list of inventions.

A NEW narrow-gauge elevated railroad has been planned by Col. Brett of Washington. It is to carry a torpedo-shaped, sharp pointed electric car which the Colonel believes he can speed up to two miles a minute.

ELECTRICITY can be produced directly from carbon without heat and thus without loss of energy. This is the discovery of Mr. Case, an experimenter who has been working ten years on his problem. The result may be the end of steam power.

METAL helmets and leather masks, as a safeguard are now worn by firemen.



TOMMY TIP-TOES.

By MARTHA MCCULLOCH WILLIAMS

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To the casual eye he was only a cat, rather a handsome cat, too, with sleek, brindled fur that had just the suspicion of tortoise shell mottling along the ridge of the back. All summer long he dozed upon the steps of Miss Alston's front porch. In winter he lay snug at the warmest corner of her hearth. Nobody ever saw him do more than rise, arch his back, stretch his claws and trot soberly after his mistress. Even when he slept he seemed somehow conscious of her movements, though he took not the least notice of anybody else.

Still all the village feared him. It feared Miss Alston too. A little, pale woman with wispy curls either side her face, she was not frightful in the least to the eye. But folk had got in a way of saying and feeling that whoever crossed or thwarted her invariably came shortly after to harm. They noted, too, that her light burned all night long. Some few even went so far as to say that she left her door on the latch year in and out.

She might have done it in safety so far as her neighbors were concerned. The boldest of them was shy of setting foot there by daylight, with Tommy Tip-Toes on guard. One wild fellow, something in his cups, had walked in there as dusk fell and run out, yelling loudly, breathless and so scared he was sober as a judge. He was loath to give a reason for his fright, but after awhile he told privily to a few of his cronies how he had met and fled from a big,



TOMMY'S CALL GUIDED HER.

roaring beast, with flaming eyeballs and claws an inch long. Of course, said the *conclave*, it was Tommy—Tommy in the shape which carried Miss Alston

abroad o' nights and upon various witches' Sabbaths. Beyond question she was a witch, one so cunning it was impossible ever to bring home to her her evil deeds.

Miss Alston knew how she was regarded. Sometimes she smiled over it; oftener she sighed. Yet she did not seek to change matters. For some reason or for none she was content, or at least held herself as though she was. She made no visits, but was not unmindful of those in need or trouble. The sick or sorrowful were sure to receive help from her through the hand of Sophie, nominally her maid, really her companion, who was rosy, buxom and wholesome looking as the day was long.

She had been with Miss Alston for years. Still, she did not know any part of what lay back of the day her mistress had first come to the village. Neither did she in the least understand why every day, fair or foul, Miss Alston went out to walk the highway—walk, walk, with her eyes ever straining for something they did not find either in the distance or near at hand. What she did know very well was that no persuasion could keep her mistress indoors or make her stop pacing her long parlor up and down before 12 o'clock at night. When she had counted the strokes, she would go and peer into the darkness without, then, sighing heavily, go up to her chamber. It was there beside the window that the ever burning lamp stood. Once in a very stormy time a gust had blown it out, and Sophie had been awakened by Miss Alston, sobbing and crying like a child.

"Witch! As much a witch as the holy saints in heaven! It is only your foolish minds and eyes which see wrong," faithful Sophie said strenuously to her few intimates. "The cat! Who talks of cats? Tommy Tip-Toes is but a good, lazy fellow. Harm anything! Not he. You could not persuade him to catch even a mouse. Why, my bird Prettywing flies often over his head, yet he does but wink his eye and turn his head as though he said, 'Such flying about tires me to behold.'"

"Yes, no doubt. A real cat would be likely to do that," her gossips answered in one breath. Then they straightway fell in talk of other witches, other cats, that to their own minds at least convicted Tommy and his mistress. Beyond all that they had a clinching argument. Miss Alston lived like a gentlewoman, owed nobody, yet had not a penny of apparent income. How could she do that, they would like to have you tell them, if she were not in league with the powers that work in darkness?

In vain Sophie said roundly it was no business of theirs. Equally in vain she protested that they knew nothing of what they were talking about. They had answers ready. Sophie herself must know that no messengers came fetching

in money to the house. Miss Alston did not leave the village, and here was the postmistress ready to go bail no letter had come to her since she had lived among them. And if that were not enough, how did she come by the house itself? It had been vacant this ever so long, though it might have had tenants in plenty. Then one fine day came Miss Alston and her cat to live in it without a "by your leave" to a soul.

That part had puzzled even the loyal Sophie, though torture would not have made her own so much to her friends. She knew, as they did, that the house had belonged to the handsomest of young scapegraces, Jack Elmore, who had suddenly quit the countryside fifteen years back. He had shut it up, saying shortly: "I shall neither sell nor rent it. Let it stay until I bring a wife home." And that was the very last word about it until this weird, wispy, pale woman took possession as by authority seven years after Jack had gone away.

"It beats me, it does. Tommy knows, I dare say. But Tommy can't tell me. He wouldn't if he could either," Sophie said to her own consciousness often when she had pondered things until she was all in a fever. Once or twice she had a wild thought of asking Miss Alston outright. The thought had lived only until she had looked in her mistress' face. There was that in voice and eye and poise so softly compelling to silence Sophie felt she could not disobey.

"They'd say she was a witch more than ever if they knew how I feel when she looks up at me with her lips all a-tremble," Sophie thought after one of these periodical experiences. Sometimes she spoke the same thing aloud to Tommy Tip-Toes, but he only opened one eye, shut it again and yawned. Then she shook her fist at him and muttered: "If there is any uncanny work, my fine master, you are the one that does it. I have all of a great mind to search for the white witch hairs in the tip of your tail. I would do it, only if I found them I could not a-bear to stay in the house with you. And then what would my poor lady do?"

All this before the night, the great night whose happenings made the village open its eyes and to a degree shut its mouth—a wild night it, with sleet beating a tattoo on the panes and wind howling about the eaves and chimneys like a lost soul at prayers. Such weather always made Miss Alston restless, but commonly Tommy Tip-Toes lay purring on the rug, the very moral of sleepy content. That night he grew wild as the wind. He sat up, lay down, sat up again, and at about the dozenth time of it came down on all four legs, bowed his back, set his tail stiff and straight and made a dash for the door. The inner one was shut. Round and round he went, tearing at curtains, meowing, at last springing twice his own length above the floor.

"Ouch! The beast is mad!" Sophie shouted as she fetched in the tea tray. There was a great gust at her back. The outer door was not locked, but fastened with a chain, so that a hand might slip within and unfasten it. With a dart that almost overset Sophie Tommy went between her feet, out of the door, down the steps and vanished in the darkness. Sophie made to slam the door after him, but Miss Alston staid her hand. She had risen and stood, with a face of ashes, one hand hard held upon her

heart, listening with all her soul for any sound that might pierce the storm.

In a minute it came—a cat's cry, long, fierce, joyful. As she caught it Miss Alston tottered, then rushed headlong into the outer fury, never stopping until she had reached the highway just outside her gate. She could see nothing, but shrill and clear Tommy's call guided her to the side of a prostrate figure that had not even the strength to moan. Kneeling, she lifted the head to her breast, cradled it there and said softly, "Love, oh, my love, have you indeed come home to your own?"

* * * * *

Sophie was a village heroine ever after. Who would not have been with the privilege of rescuing parted lovers in such pitiful plight? "If it ain't a wonder, I don't know what you'd call it," she said to her gossips, swelling with pride as she spoke. "To think of Jack Elmore loving and marrying and mistrusting my dear mistress all in a month! Then needs must he send her here to his old home, bidding her stay till he came for her and say no word of him to anybody. And her a-doing it, only easing her poor heart by going every day to look for him, maybe to meet him, and nobody knowing nothing whatever except that blessed cat! No, I won't say any more he was just a cat. If he had been, how should he have known that Jack Elmore was like to perish of cold in sight of his own door? And how should he have vanished soon as ever we had got Jack safe and warm inside? The mistress says the poor beast was that jealous he couldn't bear the sight of her hovering about her husband, but I have my own opinion all the more that she says she got the beast, a tiny mewling kitten, from an old gypsy witch that told then she was giving her 'the salvation of her heart's desire.' I always had my doubts of him. I'm glad he had the grace to leave us, now that everything is smooth and straight for us and my mistress so happy she has let twenty years slip off her shoulders."

Men are notoriously ungrateful. Jack Elmore, too, said, holding his wife close: "Darling, I am glad Tommy left us. I shall henceforth grudge a smile of yours even to a cat."

One Use For Rats.

One day not long ago a San Francisco hardware company received an order from a great mine owning company worded like this:

"Send without delay 50 rats to the Utica mine."

There was consternation at once. What could it mean? Was it a joke? If it wasn't, how was a hardware company to get 50 rats?

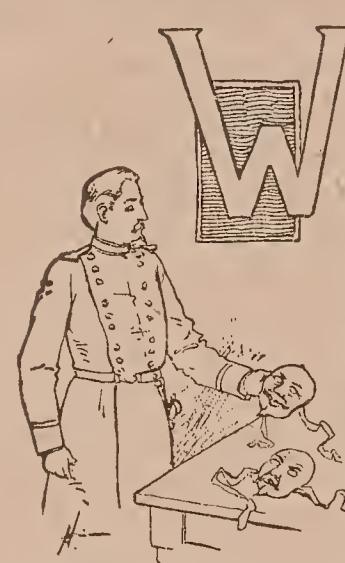
But it was a serious order, and that night a dozen or more men went into the basement of the store and prepared a rat banquet of cheese and bacon in one of the rooms. When the rats, big and little, came inside, the door was quietly closed and the rats were trapped. Then they were boxed up and sent away.

Rats are needed in the mines to eat up refuse food or other matter that would decompose, and the great Utica mine's previous colony was suffocated at the recent fire. That is why the San Francisco firm received its queer order and promptly filled it.—Chicago Record.

PICTURES OF WAR.

WHAT A SOLDIER IN THE RANKS SAW IN THE ARMY.

An Amusing Story of a Foraging Expedition—A Moral Goes With It—Thrilling Account of an Army Execution Given by an Eyewitness.



AR is a favorite theme for descriptive writers because of its picturesque and stirring features, and for specialists and trained soldiers with literary inclinations. Still there are realms unexplored, glimpses of which are furnished in campaign and battle

narratives. Stories from the ranks usually come after the writer has overlaid his real experience with riper knowledge, and they lack spontaneity. In writing his reminiscences for a local newspaper, Private Theodore Gerrish of the Twentieth Maine aimed to tell a regimental story, and the result is a matter of fact narrative of army life.

A sketch of that much misrepresented feature a bummers' foraging expedition is given without gloss or other attempt to make it more or less than the real thing. "Foraging soon becomes a science in the soldier's life," says the writer. "We had just entered the army and did not understand it as well as those who had been longer in service, but we applied ourselves closely to the work, and soon became quite expert. We must always remember that customs in the army vary from those in civil life, and things which in the latter would not be tolerated for a moment would be commendable in the former. Many laughable incidents occurred.

"While marching through Loudoun valley our regiment encamped one night at a small village, and the following day a squad of us sallied forth, without permission, 'to seek whom we might devour.' Some few miles from camp, in an outbuilding on a large plantation, we found a very large beehive, which appeared to be well filled with honey. Now, honey and hard tack made a most desirable diet, and we knew that we had found a prize; but, as I have already intimated, foraging was new business to us and we were a little timid, and consequently concluded that the better course for us to pursue was to return to camp and then come out after dark and secure it. We returned to camp highly elated at the prospect. Of course our comrades of the regiment were to know nothing about it. We held a small council of war and arranged our plans. Late in the evening we passed through the guard lines unnoticed by the sentinels and quickly tramped over fences and across fields until we reached the plantation, and, to our joy, found the hive of honey as we had left it in the afternoon. It was a huge, old fashioned affair, some 4 feet high and 2½ wide,

and so heavy that it required our united strength to carry it.

"We soon found that the way of the transgressor is hard. We had just passed from the building to the open yard when a smothered exclamation from our leader, Joe, which was half way between an oath and a yell, attracted our attention. We hurriedly dropped the hive, and Joe began to make the most lively antics around the yard. We soon learned the cause. He had placed his hand near the opening, and the bees, aroused by their removal, had crawled out and intrenched themselves in a cluster on his arm underneath the sleeves.

"'Confound them,' muttered the victim, smarting under his first war wounding, 'I'll fix them.' Taking off his overcoat, a new one just drawn from the stores, he wrapped it around the hive so as to completely cover the opening. We then lifted the burden and tugged away. We passed out into a lane inclosed by a high fence, and soon, to our horror, heard a party of men approaching. 'Here they are!' cried one, leaping upon the fence. 'Surrender, surrender!' cried the newcomers. 'The provost guard!' we exclaimed in chorus. Now, if there is anything in the world a raw soldier is afraid of it is the provost guard. Guns rattled, and, dropping the hive, overcoat and all, we sprang over the fence and skedaddled, our pursuers crying out that if we did not stop they would shoot.

"At breakneck speed we went across a broad field, cleared a wide ditch with a most desperate leap and rushed on to our camp. When we arrived there, we lay down to talk over our narrow escape, highly elated to think we had eluded the grasp of the dreaded provost guard. If we had made a charge upon the enemy and covered ourselves with honor, we could not have felt much better than at that time. We were so excited that we could not sleep.

"In about an hour we heard a commotion in an adjoining company. Some men seemed to be carrying a heavy burden while others were convulsed with joyous laughter they vainly tried to suppress. We listened. They were talking. Their whole company seemed to be gathered around them. As we listened we became disgusted. They had got our honey. They had overheard us in the afternoon as we made our plans, and an armed squad of them had followed us up to make believe they were the provost guard, and they had succeeded. We tried to induce Joe to ask for his coat, but he declared he would rather freeze to death like a man."

The army bummer of the front line takes deeper risks than arrest and petty punishment by the provost guard. There is a spice of adventure in the hunt for forbidden game and the habit springs as often from love of excitement as from hunger.

Truthful chronicler that he is, Private Gerrish stops at nothing in his task of depicting war. He gives a story of an army execution, a topic most writers merely hint at as something too dark for elaboration. The unfortunate men evidently did not belong to Gerrish's regiment, and, in fact, he leaves no clew for their identity. Says he: "In the month of August, 1863, while our regiment was encamped near Beverly Ford, on the Rappahannock, a report

The Youth's Realm.

was circulated through our corps that five deserters had been arrested and would probably be found guilty and executed. This caused quite a ripple of excitement in camp. Years before we had read of deserters being shot, and our boyish hearts had been thrilled with vivid descriptions given, but we had never witnessed such a spectacle. We had seen death in almost every form but this.

"The court martial found all the deserters guilty, and sentenced them all to be shot. The whole Fifth corps was paraded to witness the execution and the regiments massed around a hollow square. The lines were so formed that every man could obtain a view, and for some moments we awaited the arrival of the solemn procession. Every detail had been arranged with the special object of making a deep impression upon the spectators. On a broad level the old Fifth corps, with its bronzed veterans and tattered flags, closed in solid columns around the square. The silence was not broken by a single sound. Each line of soldiers looked more like a section of a vast machine than a line of living men.

"The silence was suddenly and sadly broken by the sounds of approaching music—not the quick, inspiring strains with which we were so familiar, but a measured, slow and solemn dirge, whose weird, sorrowful notes were poured forth like the moanings of lost spirits. Every eye turned in the direction whence came the sad and mournful cadences, and then we saw the procession. First came the band of music, with slow and measured step; next a detachment of the provost guard, numbering 60 men. The guard consisted of men detailed from the several regiments, and in their selection special regard was made to soldierly qualities. This detachment, as well as one of the same size bringing up the rear of the procession, was composed of the finest looking men that could be selected from the entire guard. Every one was tall and erect in form. All were well drilled and dressed in bright, new and neatly fitting uniforms. With the precision of trained veterans they marched in step with the slow and solemn music. This was the firing party. Next followed a black coffin carried by four men, and close after it came one of the condemned; then another coffin, followed by the second unfortunate, and thus in regular order they came, the rear of the procession being made up of the detachment of provost guard. The condemned were all dressed alike in blue trousers and white shirts. Each man's hands were manacled behind him and a guard was on either side. They were marched to the center of the square, where the graves had already been prepared. Each of the doomed men was accompanied by a priest or chaplain.

"Of what could those men have been thinking as they marched to the gateway of eternity? I can imagine how men may face death under almost any circumstances, but to be thus marched to the place of execution between the massed columns of their own comrades and keep step to the music of death must have awakened emotions in their breasts that can only be rivaled by the stern events of the judgment day. Four of the condemned men walked steadily and to all outward appearance with perfect uncon-

cern to the place of death. One was weak and tottering and was evidently leaning for support upon his attendants. When the coffins were properly arranged at the graves, each prisoner sat down upon the foot of his coffin in such a manner that he would directly face the detachments of the provost guard. Then followed a long, low conversation between the condemned men and their spiritual advisers. It was a most affecting scene—five men, beings of immortal destiny, about to be hurled through the gateways of death for crimes against their country.

"The last exhortation was given, the last word spoken, and the clergymen withdrew from the presence of the condemned. Each of the doomed men was then blindfolded with a thick and heavy bandage. The officers in charge then stepped back upon the line with the soldiers who were to fire. The 60 men were ready to perform their sad duty. One rifle in each 12 was loaded with a blank cartridge, so that not one of the firing party should know that he had taken the life of a fellow being. The second detachment was placed in such a position that they could complete the work if any of the condemned should survive after the first fire.

"After the bandages were placed upon the eyes of the men there was a moment of awful suspense. To the anxious spectators it seemed to be an age. Then clear and sharp the voice of the commanding officer rang out, 'Ready!' and instantly each of the 60 guns obeyed the command. Once more the officer's voice was heard, 'Aim!' and 60 rifles were brought into position, 12 being pointed at the breast of each of the condemned. Intently we watched and listened.

"At last we heard the fatal word, 'Fire!' There was a gleaming flash, a line of curling smoke, a sharp crash like the report of a single rifle. We looked again. The provost guard was standing at 'shoulder arms.' Five bleeding forms were limp and lifeless upon the ground, where they had fallen; the deserters had met their doom. Law had been enforced, the penalty inflicted, the outraged government avenged. The lines were quickly set in motion and the regiments marched to their respective camps."

Executions were very few, and those for the terrible crime of desertion in face of the enemy were made the most of as spectacles by way of example and warning.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

Turning the Tables.



"Aven't yer got a few nuts in yer pocket, pa?"—Ally Sloper.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

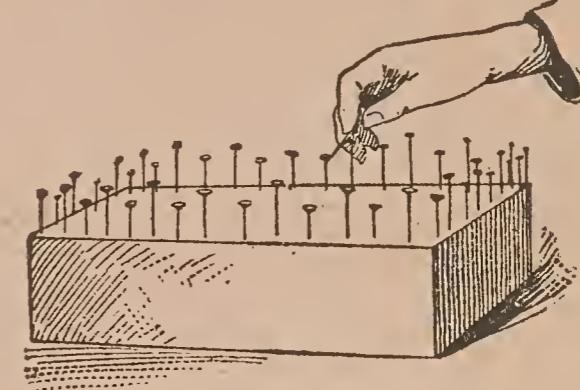
A PIN PIANO.

It Is Called a Pinnetta, Is Easily Made and Is Very Amusing.

Have you a cigar box, a bit of tissue paper, a paper of pins and a tack hammer? Well, that is all you need to make a pinnetta, and I am sure the pleasure and amusement it will afford you and your friends will amply repay you for the trouble.

First, you take the box and nail down the lid, then cover the whole box with bright colored paper so that it will look pretty. Then tack the pins along the edges of the bottom of the box. You must be very careful in the pounding of the pins, for this is the difficult part of the work.

Have your sister or somebody sing the soprano part of any song you like, note by note. Perhaps, unless the singer has a perfectly true voice, you had better use some instrument to tune your pinnetta by. Use new, straight pins and



pound them in until they sound exactly like the singing, just as a violin is tuned with a piano. The deeper the pins are driven the higher the sound. If a very high note is desired, small black pins are best, and for bass notes large needles are best, but common pins can be used for all. A very little difference in the depth of the driving makes a great difference in the sound. Suppose you want to play "Two Little Girls In Blue." You sing the first word, "an," and drive the first pin in until it keys exactly with it, then the second word "old" and tune with the second pin, and so on to the end, placing the pins about a quarter of an inch apart or closer.

Holding the box firmly in your left hand, or, better, placing it on a table, you take a long pin in your right hand and run the point along the middle of the pins in the box as they stand upright. You should run the pin in your hand according to the time the piece is written in.

The pinnetta can be made in perfect tune, played in perfect time and has a clear, sweet sound, like water running over stones. If you possess any musical talent, you can make the accompaniment of chords on another box and have a very pretty duet.

Any one can make and play a pinnetta.—Chicago Record.

The Feather.

A small fluffy feather, with very little stem, should be procured. The players form a close circle by putting their chairs together. One of the party starts the game by throwing the feather into the air as high as possible. The object of the game is to keep it from touching any one, as the one it touches must pay a forfeit. This game can be made a source of vast amusement if played in a spirited manner.—New Orleans Picayune.

THACKERAY AND THE BOY.

The Great Man's Advice Was, "Whatever You Are, Try to Be a Good One."

The boy, in his time, has been brought in contact with many famous men and women, but upon nothing in his whole experience does he look back with greater satisfaction than upon his slight intercourse with the first great man he ever knew. Quite a little lad, he was staying at the Pulaski House in Savannah in 1853—perhaps it was in 1855—when his father told him to observe particularly the old gentleman with the spectacles who occupied a seat at their table in the public din-



ing room, for, he said, the time would come when the boy would be very proud to say that he had breakfasted and dined and supped with Mr. Thackeray. He had no idea who or what Mr. Thackeray was, but his father considered him a great man, and that was enough for the boy. He did pay particular attention to Mr. Thackeray, with his eyes and ears, and one morning Mr. Thackeray paid a little attention to him, of which he is proud indeed. Mr. Thackeray took the boy between his knees and asked his name and what he intended to be when he grew up. He replied, "A farmer, sir." Why, he cannot imagine, for he never had the slightest inclination toward a farmer's life. And then Mr. Thackeray put his gentle hand upon the boy's little red head and said, "Whatever you are try to be a good one."

If there is any virtue in the laying on of hands, the boy can only hope that a little of it has descended upon him.

And whatever the boy is he has tried, for Thackeray's sake, "to be a good one."—"A Boy I Knew," by Laurence Hutton, in St. Nicholas.

A Sparrow Dance.

This is a tale of how a girl found out that sparrows were fond of music:

When she was playing a medley on the piano the other morning, two sparrows flew to one of the parlor windows and perched themselves on the ledge. They cocked their little brown heads in a listening attitude, and when the music was merriest began hopping gayly about on the narrow sill.

They chattered joyously and shrilly, attracting the attention of pedestrians. When the music stopped, the sparrows ceased dancing. When the music was resumed, they again danced.

Since then they have flown to the window every morning as soon as they heard the piano and danced much after the fashion of children who cluster about the hand organs in summer.—Albany Cor. New York Press.



THE YOUNG HOUSE-KEEPER'S PAGE.

Mrs. Hearst's Benefactions.

Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst, who was a conspicuous although a silent figure on the platform at nearly all the sessions of the recent congress of mothers held in Washington, has an enviable reputation in that city not only for generosity, but for her simple, unassuming manner, which is as far as possible removed from the haughtiness that is the traditional bearing of the grande dame. Mrs. Hearst supports several free kindergartens in Washington in addition to her other benefactions, and it is reported that she gives away each year a large portion of her income. Her beautiful home is a center of hospitality and a place where each guest is made to feel thoroughly and happily at home. Mrs. Hearst virtually keeps open house, and her guests are at liberty to invite their friends to meals, and in every other way to make the house their own. To her great generosity the congress owed its existence, as she bore its whole expense.

She Reads Hieroglyphics.

Mrs. James Robottom of Jersey City is an indefatigable student of everything Egyptian, having made such progress in her work that the great Egyptologists of France and Germany have written to urge her to complete her investigations by an extended stay in the land of the Pyramids. Ten years ago somebody loaned Mrs. Robottom "One Thousand Miles Up the Nile." She read it while convalescing from an illness, and became so enamored with the subject that she has pursued it vigilantly from that day to this. She has lectured in Jersey City and Brooklyn several times and has been invited to speak at Cornell. One of her talks is about Queen Hatasee, a legend of whom adorns one side of the obelisk in Central park. This queen was the daughter of one of the warrior kings of Egypt. Mrs. Robottom reads these legends easily, having long since familiarized herself with hieroglyphics.—New York Tribune.

Fashionable Jewels.

The fashionable woman's collection of jewels includes in addition to the important gem collars, tiaras and shoulder pieces an assortment of lesser ornaments mounted as clasp pins and in form of stars, crescents, sprays and the like. These are fastened on the costume whenever a dazzling effect is required.—Jewelers' Circular.

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White Again For Collars.

There is an indication that the colored ribbon stock has had its day, and that its popularity is on the wane. The time approaches when the woman whose attire does not show a line of white about her throat will be regarded as almost untidy as she was a decade or so ago, when every heroine whose creator did his duty in describing her garments, always wore "a soft band of white around her neck."

It is partly due to the influence of the tailor made damsel that this revival comes about. She has been an unfailing devotee of white linen neckwear, and nowadays the least severe of her sisters is wearing narrow white bands, slightly suggestive of clerical ones. These turn over outside the dress collar for about half an inch, and beneath them a colored stock, tying in front, is worn. Some of them are made of plain linen, and some of pique. Cuffs to match are worn with these.

More elaborate collars are made of grass linen edged with a hemstitched band in white or of plain colored lawns bordered with white lace.

Tabs of white lace and of white chiffon or mousseline de soie edged with lace are also popular.

When the ribbon stock is retained, it is lightened and given the inevitable touch of white by rather wide white lace or mousseline, which is plaited stiffly and fastened in the back. It tapers toward the sides and disappears entirely before reaching the front. The effect is the imposing one of the old fashioned ruff.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.



MORE LIGHT ON THE NOVA SCOTIA REMAINDERS.

WE learn from Nova Scotia Premier Murray's budget speech made recently before the Assembly of the legislature in Yarmouth, N. S., that the syndicate which, several months ago, bought, of the government the Nova Scotia remainders paid \$48,000 for the lot. The Premier refuses to reveal the number of stamps actually sold to the investors, stating his reasons in the following words:

"That any number of gentlemen were prepared to risk such a large sum in a transaction of this character is indeed a matter of surprise. In this connection I would like to say—and I trust that the gentlemen in this house will not require any further explanation upon this point—that when the sale of stamps took place it was accompanied by a proviso that the government on their part would keep the quantity of stamps secret, and at this moment I have not the slightest information as to the number of stamps which were sold to bring in this handsome sum to the province. I presume that the idea of not making this information public is the reason that if stamp dealers throughout the world knew the quantity they could better judge of the value of these stamps, and all opportunity for legitimate speculation would be lost."

A GREAT PHILATELIST PASSES AWAY.

THE philatelic world mourns the loss of one of its most devoted followers, Mr. John Keer Tiffany, of St. Louis, who passed away March 3d.

Mr. Tiffany was born in 1842, graduated from Harvard University in 1865, and afterwards practised law in Massachusetts and the west. Of late years he was occupied in looking after the interests of an immense estate, valued at several millions of dollars, left him by his father.

As a philatelist he was known by his "History of the Postage Stamps of the United States," and by his activity in the American Philatelic Association, of which he was president.

STAMPS FREE.

To stimulate collectors and increase the circulation of our paper we made an offer, a few months ago, to give away a package of free samples to each person filling out our coupon and following the directions accompanying it. The response to this offer was greater than we had anticipated, and hundreds of free samples were distributed in a few days. We have decided to repeat the offer, on a larger scale, in this number of the *Youth's Realm*, and have prepared to mail thousands of samples during the next few months. Parties wishing to go into the stamp business, on a small scale, by securing the package of samples, should also order the ten free books, especially those relating to the stamp trade. This is the greatest offer ever made by any publishing house.

It is said that in Shanghai U.S. stamps may be used for postage.

AT Washington, mail collected on the streets is stamped and sorted inside the mail wagon before it reaches the post-office.

CATALOGUES of plate-numbers are the latest to appear.

FOR removing oily spots from stamps use a hot iron and a sheet of blotting paper.

SOME of the Periodical reprints have already found their way to Germany.

SIXTY years ago, in Canada, it cost over thirty cents to send a letter five hundred miles.

THE first postal card was issued by Austria in 1869.

THE League of American Philatelists has a membership of about 500 collectors.

THE collection of European stamps, especially the older issues, is more popular this year than last, while the demand for United States is rather on the decrease. A new issue would revive the interest in these stamps.

THE Nova Scotian stamps recently placed on the market have brought down the price of these varieties in England, according to the English papers, to only sixty cents a set.



THE 10 centavo stamp of the Brussels Exposition has appeared in a new color—lilac. The change was effected for the purpose of making the design more prominent.

THE Collectors' Club of New York are now engaged in making a collection of philatelic literature. A number of valuable volumes have been added to their library.

THE preliminary hearing in the Colman stamp case, recently held in New York before Commissioner Shields, makes the prospects of the defendant's acquittal almost certain. Colman received indirectly from a post-office official some twenty-five sets of periodical stamps which it is unlawful to sell but which nevertheless get into circulation.

AN American named Scott has been arrested in Cuba, by the Spanish authorities, for having in his possession two sets of the Cuban Republic Stamps.

THE remaining stock of obsolete Hawaiian stamps,—some twenty thousand sheets, valued at \$100,000 dollars,—have been burned by order of the government of the above islands. Hereafter only the present issue are to be sold at the Hawaiian post-office. Among those who witnessed the destruction of these twenty odd varieties was Mr. Stanley Gibbons the famous philatelist.

STEREOPTICON exhibits of rare stamps are now held in London. Enlarged reproductions of genuine and forged stamps are thrown on a screen where their points of similarity and contrast may be studied.

Our Great Distribution of Free Samples.



To introduce our juvenile magazine, premiums, and novelties, we have decided to give away several thousand packages of **Free Samples**, one package to each person who writes immediately for the same.

Read the instructions below and note contents of each free package, as follows:

100 Foreign Stamps, Japan, etc.
1 Illust. Catalogue pricing nearly all the stamps of the world.
1 Stamp Album.
4 Sample Blank Approval Sheets.
1 Sample Gum Paper.
Samples of new Hinge all bent.
1 Perforation Gauge with directions for detecting counterfeits, varieties, etc. Also millimetre scale.
2 Illustrated Price-Lists of stamps, premiums, etc.
All the above are free if you read the following instructions.



We illustrate this month four of the new stamps for Liberia. These stamps are beautifully made, doubtless to tempt the eye of the collector.



THE color of the current 5c postal card of Tunis has been changed from black to green.

ENVELOPES and wrappers now follow the new set of adhesives for Zanzibar. The wrappers are as follows: $\frac{1}{2}$ a green; 1a carmine. The envelopes: 2a (registration) chocolate; $2\frac{1}{2}$ a blue.



A NEW value, the 500r., black and red on blue paper, type of annexed illustration, is now added to the new set of Horta.



THE Nicaraguan government is now having the early issues of their stamps reprinted for the advantage of collectors. The work is being done by the American Bank Note Co. of New York. The reprinted stamps are of ten varieties, including the issues of 1869-71 and 1878-80.



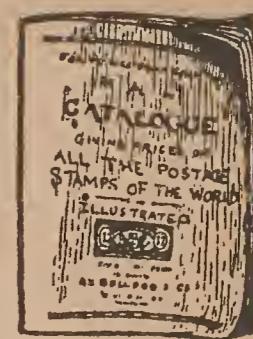
THE stamp collecting season is now at its height in most of the large cities.

Directions for obtaining the foregoing Free Samples:

One package of the above samples is free to each person who fills out the annexed coupon and sends with it only eight cents (coin or stamps) for a three-month's trial subscription to our large, illustrated paper **The Youth's Realm**, and also two 2c stamps to help pay postage and wrapping of samples and papers. This is all necessary to receive the above.

If you want the 10 books advertised elsewhere and these samples also, send 35c for a year's subscription to our paper, and send the two 2c stamps extra for postage, as above, and we will mail everything advertised in two separate parcels. Present subscribers must extend their subscriptions to receive the free gifts, stating what month last subscription began.

Don't forget the two 2c stamps. Cut out the coupon now!



COUPON No. 24**

Dear Sirs:

Please send free samples and your juvenile publication for three months to—

Name

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A Bullard & Co., 97 Pembroke Street, Boston, Mass.

THE C. H. Mekeel Stamp and Publishing Co. have failed and the business of this house will hereafter be discontinued.

A CANADIAN 3 cent letter stamp is to be used in commemoration of the Queen's Jubilee. The Postmaster General has now before him a design of the proposed stamp to come in use about the first of June. Thanks to Mr. P. R. White for this news.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2.

his pocket, he saturated a large piece of deer meat with this deadly poison, and then left the bait on the ground, a short distance from the camp.

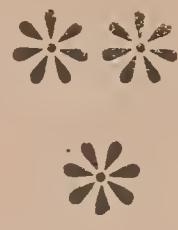
The guide, after that, retired for the night, but I was unable to sleep amidst the noises of the forest. We were surrounded by wolves who came in patches from every direction, all ravenous with hunger and threatening to break into the camp and devour us; but this did not disturb my guide. Those who managed to seize a piece of the bait died almost instantly, while emitting the most direful cries imaginable. Their shrieks attracted others to the spot, until the woods seemed black and alive with these ferocious animals.

At last, however, the morning sun rose over the high cliffs in the east, and then the forest became silent.

When we left our camp we found our welcome blankets spread on the ground before us. Of course the dead animals had to be skinned, and the skins prepared and sewed together to make us suitable coverings, but that was a matter which gave us little trouble, after we had once procured them through the strange stratagem of our clever guide.

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